

# Whig and Tory,

## Or the Scribling

# DUELLISTS.

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1.

**Y**ou've seen how two domestick Curs will grin,  
 Yet fearing with each other to ingage,  
 Will throw loud *Challenges* about in din  
 And stifle the revengeful heat of rage.

2.

Their bristly *Turn-pikes* they'l advance with speed,  
 And clash their *Ivory weapons* till they grate,  
 Yet still before the On-set, they recede  
 And all this while disturbance do create.

3.

Thus act the two *Disturbers* of the Reign,  
 The whining *Whig*, and *Tory* of the Town,  
 Each dread the *Bugbear jealousies*, they feign  
 And skirmish with the *Windmil* of their crown.

4.

Republick *Whig*, whose true *Protesting Arm*  
 With so much art a *Thunderbolt* can fling,  
 As unto *Majesty* can ne're do harm,  
 Yet will dissolve a *Charles*, and save a *King*.

5.

Equipt with Innocence this *Heroe* tries  
 Courageously to carry on the Fray,  
 Whilst an Immortal valour sleeping lies  
 Under the peaceful Wings of *Tea*, and *Nay*.

6.

His right hand grasps the Sword of *Reformation*,  
 His left a large *Geneva Bible* sways,  
 Whose awful *Bosses* threaten *Desolation*,  
 And Date to the Gigantick *Tory's* days.

A

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7.

Hear his *Device*, 'tis first triumphing *Death*,  
A *Priest* of his Formalities disrob'd,  
A panting *Prelate* gaping for new Breath,  
A broken *Crucifix*, and shatter'd *Globe*.

8.

Arm'd thus, he boldly marcheth out, and sees  
His Bravery applauded by the Croud,  
Whilst *Herald-like Courants*, and *Mercuries*,  
Proclaim revengeful Challenges aloud.

9.

Alarm'd at this the sprightly *Tory* flies  
With Martial expedition to the Fight,  
Hurling hot *Flakes* of Passion from his eyes,  
As just resentment of his injur'd right.

10.

Splendid as is the Morn he doth advance,  
Each Play commits a Flourish to his care,  
Whilst scraps of *History* tagg'd with *Romance*,  
Like *Pantaloons* doth dangle here and there.

11.

And now the noysie skirmish doth begin  
Each at a distance dare maintain the Fight,  
And arm'd with their *offensive Scribbles*, grin  
Yet have no true *Iambick teeth* to bite.

12.

The Zealous *Whig* swell'd with a glouting *Dose*  
Through open *Flood-gate* his infection issues,  
Then *Plantan-like*, the *Kirk*, and *Coffee-House*  
His failing *poyson* carefully renews.

13.

But *Tory's* spacious and resenting Soul  
With Gallantry returns the Charge as fast,  
Belching successive *Vollies* from a *Scrawl*  
Fill'd with the full-mouth'd lumber of *Bombast*.

14.

Thus, whilst devoted to their Cause, each strive  
Th' imaginary Conflict to maintain,  
Naught but a shameful *Trophy* doth survive  
Both Sence, and Law, and History are slain.

15.

Then let the *Whig* from future Faction cease,  
And entertain his jealousies no more,  
And lest the *Tory* e're shou'd break the Peace  
Let him Write better henceforth, or give o're.

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